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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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A GRAND PRIZE.

A Two-volume Unabridged Dictionary Free.

So much interest has been manifested in our two gift contests for the extra premium to largest club-risers, that we have decided to announce another, to close March 30. The prizes will be the same to each successful club-riser.

In addition to all other premiums we will give a set of books worth \$26, to each of the three persons who will send us the largest number of yearly subscribers between Feb. 16 and March 30. These volumes comprise an illustrated unabridged dictionary bound in full morocco. It is the most complete work of the kind ever published, and is up to date in every particular. It contains over 2,600 royal octavo pages with several thousand illustrations in the text and many full page colored plates.

Let us try for it. A small club will get one of the sets.

NOTICE.

The Whole Number of this issue is 918.

Note the number on the yellow tab on your paper. Your subscription expires when the whole number of paper corresponds with that number.

918 expires March 16, 919 expires March 23.

By noting this weekly, you will avoid the stoppage of your paper, and you can see at a glance how you stand.

GEN. A. V. KAUTZ.

Some More Articles from His Pen.

In the past there was no more entertaining contributor to the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE than the late Brevet Maj.-Gen. A. V. Kautz, of the Regular Army. Among his papers were found several articles, evidently prepared for the reading of his old comrades, and we shall take pleasure in presenting these at an early date. They are:

1. Two Failures to Capture Petersburg.
2. The Cavalry Division of the Army of the James.
3. The Wilson Raid.
4. Winning a Battle.
5. Some Thoughts on Brevels.

A VANISHING OPPORTUNITY.

Remember that only two weeks more remain of the chance for subscribers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to get Greeley's American Conflict for only \$1 additional. After March 30 the price will be advanced to \$2. Greeley's is incomparably the greatest history of the rebellion ever written, and every family should have one, not only for entertainment of the present generation, but for sound instruction of the rising one.

ACTING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF JOHNSON has approved of the program prepared for the National Encampment at Philadelphia, and it will there be carried out as published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. The parade will be on Tuesday.

VOLUNTEERS from the high-license State of Nebraska captured the Manila water works, while those from the Prohibition State of Kansas captured the brewery. But there may be no political significance in this.

THE people of the Island of Negros are acting in a way that must be dreadfully annoying to the Aunties in the United States. They welcomed our forces there, as a great relief, and made bitter complaints of the tyranny and cruelty of the rebels.

PENSION EXPENDITURES.

Chairman Cannon has revised his first estimate of the appropriations by the 55th Congress, with the effect of making the total \$1,566,890,016, of which \$482,562,083 is directly chargeable to the war with Spain, leaving for ordinary expenditures \$1,044,580,273; an excess of \$39,746,658 over the appropriations made by the preceding Congress. He accounts for this excess as follows:

For payment of pensions, to meet increased demands of commerce, 16,619,581
For river and harbor improvements, 2,401,128
For constructing new ships, 6,890,838
For beginning the work of the 12th census, 1,900,000
For the Paris Exposition, 1,210,000
For new public buildings, 5,000,000
For carrying out judgments against the Government under the Bowman act and for the French spoliation, 3,100,768
Total, 40,622,316

This reduces the item of pension expenditures nearly \$200,000 from that given in his first estimate last week, and shows that the total increase over those of Cleveland's Administration was but \$1,937,600 a year.

This concrete statement carries in itself the severest disappointment to those who fought through the bitter political campaign of 1896 with sanguine hopes, and it is incidentally a strong confirmation of all that has been alleged against the management of the Pension Bureau.

The complaint against the management of the Pension Bureau under Cleveland was twofold. First, that tens of thousands of veterans and their dependent ones were cruelly and most unjustly deprived of pensions which had been bitterly earned by hardest service for the country. Second, that instead of the laws being interpreted more liberally and their relief being extended more promptly, as was imperatively demanded by the advancing age of the veterans, the progressive grievousness of their disabilities and rapid rise of the mortality rate among them, the reverse was the case, and the hardship of obtaining their rights intensified in mockery of the bitterness of their needs.

Much of the energy of the campaign of 1896 was directly due to the burning dissatisfaction of the veterans and their friends with the pension policy of the Cleveland Administration. It is no exaggeration to say that it influenced fully 1,000,000 votes. The pension question was everywhere an issue, and very nearly a controlling one in all the States which cast their votes for McKinley. The people were directly asked to approve or disapprove of that policy, and the friends of Maj. McKinley made the most of the situation by bitterly attacking Cleveland's pension policy, and promising a radical amendment if Comrade McKinley were elected.

Certainly everybody in the country supposed, and had every right to suppose, that one of the results of the victory of 1896 would be the radical reform of the pension policy, the undoing of the wrongs which Lochren had been the agent in committing, and the commencement of an era of liberality and justice toward the veterans. The people were prepared for an increase of many millions in the pension expenditures. They had voted for it and expected it, for the matter had been thoroughly discussed before them, and they understood the rightfulness of such an increase. They understood that it would be but temporary, for the injustices of Cleveland would have to be repaired as far as they could be to the veterans who yet survived. They expected that the men and widows who had had their pensions unjustly taken away would have them restored, and that the hundreds of thousands of long-waiting applicants would at last have their claims allowed.

Two years have now passed, and the total increase of the pension expenditures has been but \$1,937,600 per annum, while the immense clerical force of the Pension Bureau is going through the same dreary, heart-breaking policy of circumlocution, and employing the same subterfuges, evasions and shifts to send the veterans to their graves unpensioned that was inaugurated by Wm. Lochren at the command of Grover Cleveland.

How long will the veterans and their friends endure this?

WHAT has become of that promised order of the President modifying the Civil Service? Did it get entangled and thrown overboard with a lot of embalmed beef?

THERE were 20,000 applicants for the 123 commissions as Second Lieutenants. The lucky ones were generally sons of veterans, and young men who had served meritoriously in the volunteers during the recent war.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

For a frank, guileless, straightforward democracy, we astonish the whole world with our attitude for the many tricks of diplomacy. Ambassador Cambon said in his dispatches home during the war, and recently published in the French Red Book, that we outmaneuvered Spain at every diplomatic turn; we were in full possession of all her secrets, even her carefully-guarded State cipher, and when he went to see the President in regard to the first steps toward the protocol, he was astounded to find him in full possession of the secret instructions which had been sent Cambon from Madrid. Yet the canting Pharisees of "Culebra," of which the New York Evening Post is the exponent, have been waiting for years that we lacked the training and ability to cope with the highly-developed politicians of Europe, and that we needed a "clash of men, cultivated from generation to generation," to rule this country. Our State Department was managed during the war by a plain Ohio County-seat lawyer, who probably had never been within a mile of a Civil Service examination. He is a man of decided ability, but few outside of Canton, O., had ever heard of him, before President McKinley appointed him Assistant Secretary of State, and there is every reason for believing that any little city of 30,000 population in the country could furnish an equally able Secretary of State.

The veterans of Iowa seem to be thoroughly aroused upon the question of having their State for once represented in the United States Senate by a comrade.

Iowa sent a multitude of as fine soldiers as the world ever saw into the army, and they were great fighters everywhere. Out of a total population of 674,913 she furnished, reduced to a three years standard, 68,118 men, of whom 3,549 were actually killed in battle and 9,461 died from other causes, making her total deaths 13,001, or 19 per cent.—nearly one in every five of her quota. Wherever an Iowa regiment appeared it was a credit to the State and to the army. Such a record as this certainly deserves representation in the Senate, and there is excellent Senatorial material among the Iowa veterans, both in and out of the Congressional delegation.

SENATOR SULLIVAN, of Mississippi, expressed great surprise at discovering that the Disability Act of 1890 allowed a pension to any veteran who was disabled, without reference to the income or property that he might possess. The Senator is new in the halls of Congress, or he would know that the proposition to put a "pauper" feature in the Act was thoroughly discussed for several years while it was pending, and was very properly discarded by Congress, for good and sufficient reasons. He would also know that there was no such feature in the pension acts for the soldiers of the War of 1812, or the Mexican war, and that one of the very first claimants under the latter law was "Cerro Gordo" Williams, then a Senator from Kentucky, and one of the richest men in Kentucky. If the Senator will make a little investigation in his own State he will find quite a number of his well-to-do constituents who are drawing pensions for services in the Mexican or Indian wars.

FULLY 10 per cent. of the volunteers in the Philippines are said to express a desire to remain there after discharge. This is what we had expected and hoped for. Now let the Government encourage this and also settlement in Cuba by surveying the islands, determining what are public lands, and giving a grant to every soldier who will settle down upon it, and start a coffee, sugar, tobacco or other plantation. This will reward the men who fought for the country, and it will do more than anything else to civilize the islands and give them a stable Government.

THE so-called Cuban Assembly has formally deposed Gen. Gomez from command. But Gomez has been recognized by the United States, while the Assembly has not, and so he has a handful of troops, where they cannot show up even a picture card.

THE latest news from Manila is that Gen. Otis and Lawton have started out on a grand hunt for the Aguinaldoites, and the result will be the liveliest sprinting ever known in the archipelago. By the time the rainy season sets in Aguinaldo will be very unpopular.

THINGS IN PORTO RICO.

The report of Rev. Father Thomas E. Sherman, Jesuit, to the Secretary of War, shows that he has inherited a large portion of his distinguished father's genius for observation and generalization. He finds the people of Porto Rico gentle, docile and kind, with the disorderly element a very small fraction, and one that can be easily dealt with. Profound respect is felt for American authority, and all classes rejoice at escaping from the corrupt dominion of Spain. The Latin races, he says, are far less frank than our own, and more timid. Friendship, kinship, and fear frequently prevent giving information in regard to crime and criminals, but by proper management these can be overcome, and the country readily governed. The island is an earthly paradise, where everything contributes to happiness. The first great need is for good roads. These would add immensely to the wealth and prosperity of the island, and facilitate its Government.

Father Sherman finds the religious condition most unsatisfactory. The people are nominally Catholic, but only nominally. The churches are very poorly attended. The priests were Government officials, mostly Spaniards, and had little interest in their flocks beyond squeezing money out of them. Sunday had little or no observance. In a great part of the island the sacrament of confirmation had not been administered for years. The priests were more interested in politics and money-making than their sacerdotal duties. Now most of the Spanish priests have gone back home. There are many excellent priests remaining, who are native to the island, and the hopes of the island are on these, but the building up of the Church to what it should be is an anxious problem.

The organized charity is very defective, and the blind haunt the roadside, begging. There is an immense amount of public begging, a great deal of poverty, heavy infant mortality, and much malformation of children on account of insufficient nourishment. The burial system is barbarous, and the number of illegitimate children born exceeds that of the legitimate. Concubinage is not discouraged either legally or socially.

COMMISSIONER EVANS's pet scheme, namely, the prohibiting of pension hereafter to any widow of an old soldier unless she was married to the deceased before March 3, 1899, the date of the law, has found a place in the statutes through the process of sneaking it into a bill of another nature, under the cover of a conference report. A bill to regulate the payment of pensions of inmates of State Homes and branches of the National Homes went to conference on disagreeing votes of the House and Senate. When it emerged, lo and behold, it contained foreign matter—Mr. Evans's hobby—with no reference thereto in the conference report! In the confusion and haste incident to the closing days of a Congress, this most important legislation apparently escaped notice, and Mr. Evans is now able to rub his hands and stroke his Napoleonic—that is to say, Meplhistophelian—chin whisks in very ecstasy at the thought that he has foiled some "young adventurers" having designs on an \$8 or perhaps \$12 pension as widow, and so to become, as all will agree, at once in command of all comforts and luxuries of life. It must be pleasing to Mr. Evans to know that he has placed the helpmate of the declining years of many a brave man beyond the insignificant aid to support afforded by a widow's pension.

THE Filipinos are now getting a lesson in the insatiable propensity of the American soldier to hunt his enemy to his hole, and never let up as long as he shows the least sign of fight. It is something entirely unheard of before in Oriental fighting.

THE evidence continues to accumulate that a considerable part of the canned roast beef was very bad. This is surprising, as the canned goods could be traced more directly to the contractors than any other kind of meat, and it would seem to be business suicide to let such supplies go out. Now the public demands to know, and it has every right to know, who put up those cans. Let us have the names of the guilty parties, and punishment meted out to fit the crime, and prevent its repetition.

FRANCE has got a new President, but has the same old Dreyfus scandal, without even the whiskers cut off its cuffs.



[SI Klegg and his chum Shorty, both of the 200th Inf., at Chickamauga engage in a fierce battle. Si and Shorty capture a rebel flag, but both fall in the melee. They are taken off the field in bad condition. Deacon Klegg bears about it and journeys to the hospital. He fails to be able to buy some chicken for Si's broth, an account of the owner's fear of taking U. S. money. So he raids his roost in the darkness, drops a \$5 bill at the feet of the owner, and dashes away in time to escape capture by the Johnnies. He makes a savory dish for Stand Shorty. Forging again he surprises and captures a team containing provisions prepared for the men in a rebel camp by the same people from whom he got the chickens. Being conscientious, he tries to return the team later. Rebel artillery frightens the horse, which demolishes the wagon. A com-

pany of Union cavalry relieves the Deacon of the horse and gives him a cow, which is claimed as Gen. Klosser's. The General recognizes Mr. Klegg's comments to let Si and Shorty go home with him, which they do. Shorty gets a letter from a sweetheart he has never seen. The letter is read before the family, and makes Shorty so ashamed that he leaves secretly to return to his regiment, and wakes up at Jeffersonville, Ind.

Shorty has a Tour of Duty as Orderly at the General's Headquarters.

"Well," said the General, after he had listened to Shorty's story, and questioned him a little, "you are all right now. I'll take care of you. The Surgeon says you are not fit to go back to the front, and will not be for some time. They have got more sick and convalescents down there now than they can take good care of. The army's gone into winter quarters, and will probably stay there until Spring opens, so that they don't need either of us. I'll detail you as Orderly at these Headquarters, and you can go back with me when I do."

"I s'pose that's all right and satisfactory," said Shorty, saluting. "It's got to be, anyway. In the army a man with a star on his shoulder's got the last say, and kin move the previous question whenever he wants to. I never had no hankerin' for a job around Headquarters, and now that I'm a Korporal I ought to be with my company. But they need you worse'n they do me, and I've noticed that you was always as near the front as anybody, and I don't think I'll lose no chances by stayin' with you."

"I promise you that we shall both go as soon as there's any prospect of something worth going for," said the General, smiling.

"Report there to Wilson. He will instruct you as to your duties."

Wilson's first instructions were as to Shorty's personal appearance. He must get a clean shave and a hair-cut, a necktie, box of paper collars, a pair of white gloves, have his blouse neatly brushed, and buttoned to his throat, and his shoes polished.

"Dress parade every day?" asked Shorty, despairing.

"Just the same as dress parade every day," answered the Chief Clerk. "Don't want any scrawlers around these Headquarters. We on dress parade all the time before the people and the old soldiers, and must show them how soldiers ought to appear. You'll find a barber-shop and a hockshop around the corner. Make for them at once, and get yourself in shape to represent Headquarters properly."

"Don't know but I'd rather go to the front and dig rifle-pits than to wear paper collars and white gloves every day in the week," soliloquized Shorty, as he walked out on the street. "Don't mind 'em on Sunday, when you kin take 'em off again when the company's dismissed from parade; but to put 'em on in the mornin' when you zit up, and wear 'em till you go to bed at night—O, deuce! Don't think I've got the constitution to stand that sort of thing. But it's orders, and I'll do it, even if it gives me softener 'o' the brain. Here you—(beckoning to a hockshop) put a 250-pounder Monitor coat of polish on them Tennessee River-gumblers. Fall in, promptly, now."

The little darky gave an estimating glance at the capacious codwinkles, which had not had a touch of the brush since being drawn from the Quartermaster, and then yelled to a companion on the other side of the street:

"Hey, Taters, come lend me a spit. I've got an army contract."

"What's got a gravel do you vant?" asked the Jewish vender of haberdashery, who was rapidly amassing a fortune from the soldiers.

"Dere's plack, red, kreen, plue—all lovely colors, out de vestint kind of alk. I've got de same as General Kautz wears. He gys lots of 'em. You'll put 'em off afore I else when he kin get to me. Now, dere's you dat'll yest suit your right complexion. You can vant dat on St. Patrick's day."

And he picked out one of bright green that would have made Shorty's throat seem in wild revolt against his hair.

"Well, I don't know," said Shorty meditatively, pulling over the lot. Then a thought struck him. Taking out the bit of Maria's dress, he said:

"Give me something as near as possible the color of that."

"Well, I've got rid off dat off-colored neg-die, dat I thought I never would sell," meditated the Jew as Shorty left. "I'm ahet yout a tollar-unt-a-half on account off dat vild frishman's kirl. Vell, de kirls ket some frishman into grapes, unt helps 'em out."

With this philosophical observation the Jew resumed his pleasant work of marking up his prices to better accord with his enlarged views as to the profits he could get of the soldiers.

When Shorty returned to Headquarters, nearly shaven and brushed, and took the position of a soldier before the Chief Clerk, that functionary remarked approvingly:

"Very good, very good, indeed. You'll be an ornament to Headquarters."

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?" SAID THE GAMBLER.

severely erect and soldierly. Billings was too little of a soldier to comprehend the situation. His first thought was that Shorty, having been taken under the General's wing, had come back to triumph over him, and he prepared himself with a volley of abuse to meet that of his visitor. But Shorty, with stern eyes straight to the front, marched up to him, saluted in one-two-three time, drew the envelope from his belt, and thrust it at him, as he would his gun to the inspecting officer on parade, announced in curtly official tones, "With General's compliments, sir," saluted again, about faced as if touched with a spring, and marched stidly toward the door.

Billings hurriedly glanced at the papers, and saw that instead of some unpleasant order from the General, which he had feared, they were merely some routine matters. His bullying instinct at once asserted itself.

"Puttin' on a lot o' scollapsince, just because you're detailed at Headquarters," he called out after Shorty. "More style than a red-ribbon horse at a County fair, just because the General took a little notice of you. But you'll not last long. I know you."

"Sir," said Shorty, facing about and stiffly saluting, "if you've got any message for the General, I'll deliver it. If you hain't, keep your horse shut."

"O, go on, go on, you two-for-a-cent Corporal. Don't you give me any more of your slack, or I'll report you for your impudence, and have them stripes jerked off you."

Hot words sprang to Shorty's lips, but he remembered the General's injunction about the character and dignity of the staff, and restrained himself to merely saying:

"Col. Billings, some day I won't belong to the staff, and you won't have no shoulder-straps. Then I'll invite you to a little discussion, without no moderator in the chair."

"Go on, now. Don't you dare threaten me," shouted Billings.

"How'd you get along with Billings?" inquired the Chief Clerk, when Shorty returned.

"About as well as the monkey and the parrot, did," answered Shorty, and he described the interview, ending with:

"I never saw a man who was achin' for a good lickin' like that old bluffer. And he'll get it just as soon as he's out of the service, if I have to walk a hundred miles to give it to him."

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait a good while," answered Wilson. "He'll stay in the service as long as he can keep a good soft berth like this. He's now boardin' everybody that's got any influence, with telegrams to use it to keep him here, in the public interest. He claims that on account of his familiarity with things here he is much more valuable to the Government here than he would be in the field."

"No doubt o' that," said Shorty. "He ain't worth a groan in the inferior regions at the front. He only takes the place and eats the rations of some man that might be of value."

"See here," said Wilson, pointing to a pile of letters and telegrams on his desk. "These are protests against Billings being superseded and sent away. More are coming in all the time. They are carrying the General here everything for he wants to do the right thing. But I know that they all come from a ring of fellows around here who sell whisky and sloop-shop goods to the soldiers, and skin them alive, and are protected by Billings. They're whacking up with him, and they want him to stay. You see it, but I haven't any proof, and there's no use saying anything to the General, unless I've got the proof to back it."

"Wonder if I couldn't help git the proof," suggested Shorty, with his sleuth instincts reviving.

"Just the man," said the Chief Clerk eagerly, "if you go about it right. You're a stranger here, and scarcely anybody knows that you belong to Headquarters. Get yourself back in the shape you were this mornin', and go out and try your luck. It'll just be hell if we can down this old blow-hard."

Shorty took off his belt and white gloves, unbuttoned his blouse, and lounged down the street to the quarter where the soldiers most congregated, to be fleeced by the harpies gathered there as the best place to catch men going to a returning from the front. Shorty soon recognized running evil-looking shops, various kinds of games, and drinking dens, several men who had infested the camps about Nashville and Murfreesboro, until the Provost-Marshal had driven them away.

"Billings has gathered all his old friends about him," said he to himself. "I guess I'll find somebody here that I kin use."

"Hello, Injanny, what are you doing?" inquired a man in civilian clothes, but unmistakably a gambler.

Shorty remembered him at once as the man with whom he had had the adventure with the loaded dice at Murfreesboro. With the fraternity of the class, neither remembered that little misadventure against the other. They had matched their wits for a

And the General, entering the room at that time, added:

"Yes, you are as fine a looking soldier as one would wish to see, and an example to others. But you have not your Corporal's chevrons on. Allow me to present you with a pair. It gives me pleasure, for you have well-earned them."

Stepping back into his office he returned with the chevrons in his hand.

There, find a tailor outside somewhere to sew them on. You are now a non-commissioned officer on my staff, and I expect you to do all you can to maintain its character and dignity."

Shorty's face flushed with pride as he saluted, and thought, without saying:

"You just bet I will. Any loofer that don't pay proper respect to this here staff'll git his blamed neck broke."

"Here," said the Chief Clerk, handing Shorty an official envelope, when the latter returned from having his chevrons sewed on.

"Take this down to Col. Billings. Mind you do it in proper style. Don't get to sassin' old Billings. Stick the envelope in your belt, walk into the office, take the position of a soldier, salute, and hand him the envelope, saying 'With the compliments of the General,' salute again, about-face, and walk out."

"I'll want to punch his rotten old head off the minute I set eyes on him," remarked Shorty, sotto voce; "but the character and dignity of the staff must be maintained."

Lieut.-Col. Billings started, and his face flushed, when he saw Shorty stalk in, and walk out.

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